

Veela Unexpected

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Veela Unexpected

by [Silver Lioness \(Fitzabeth_12\)](#)

Summary

The Prince's once as noble as the name suggested were a family who had an accord with Veela's all elder sons were to mate with one and be turned. The past two hundred years the tradition fell out of practise and it was forgotten about. The last Prince was called Eileen, a small insecure little creature who married a brutish Muggle called Tobias...

Their son had only managed to develop a rapport with one female. That female being Lily. He thought that the Veela within was as dormant as the volcano in Edinburgh, but the thing with the Veela in the male blood is their unpredictability. Once Hermione turns 17 in her sixth year his Veela is awoken.

Trouble is, so are other creature inheritances: Dolohov's vampire ancestry makes itself known, Thorfinn becomes more elegant than hulking becoming a Norwegian Elf of yore, and Moony howls at the thought of her.

Suddenly Hermione finds herself on the passionate receiving end of four powerful men...

Notes

There are so many Draco Veela stories but not much for Severus. I also decided to keep this a Poly-Fic. My first hand at Remione.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Initial Seduction

AN: I do not own any of the creatres or characters in this story. All are Trademarked by Warner Bros and JK Rowling. Not a penny is earned.

Story Triggers: May-December relationships. POLY-FIC. Hermione Multi. Soul Mates.

Pairings: Hermione with Severus/Antonin/Thorfinn/Remus. Harry/Ginny. Ron/Lavender.

Fancast:

Antonin Dolohov: Colin Farrell

Remus Lupin: Ewan McGregor

Narcissa Malfoy: Joely Richardson



Veela Unexpected

Initial Seduction

"Class dismissed!" growled Snape.

No one lingered long enough to incur more of his sour tasting wrath. It seemed that not all decided scampering was an option. Glancing up he noticed that the more tolerable of the Gryffindor's was malingering. Wincing slightly as she bent down to pick up her bag. In the course of the duel Miss Granger had, not only shed her outer robes, but her jumper also, showing the boys exactly what they were missing. It was that sight which had awakened something inside that he long since thought was dormant. Like a volcano he knew she would need to be claimed.

Flushed cheeks, wild hair that he secretly loved and desired to grasp and unsteady breathing along with shining adrenalin-fuelled eyes caused restrictions in his lower body that was twitching and pulsing beneath his robes. Well, he smirked, he was not going to be teaching her much longer if the old goat was correct – and he had resisted temptation for his enforced career as a teacher. As this was not the first time he had fantasized about this particular Muggleborn this year, and it was only mid September.

Decision made he cast silencing charms on his shoes and swooped behind her when her back was turned. Hermione felt his presence behind her and realised she was essentially trapped between him and the cabinets. Slowly, carefully, she pivoted on her heel and gulped when she saw the expression of raw desire present in his eyes.

Somehow that caused her breasts to feel weightier than normal, her nipples taut beneath standard school blouse and definitely non-standard Teal satin front hook bra she was wearing underneath. Nipples visible through the sweat dampened white shirt. Lazily, his gaze swept down to her breasts now restrained just as his viper was inside him.

Gulping, Hermione opened her mouth to speak only to have the words stuck in her throat as he swept his long fingers along her parted lips.

"I am tired of fighting," he said to her. "It is exhausting to continually, and habitually, desire what one cannot have, do you not find?" He leaned in and breathed into her ear making her quiver down to her patent leather lace up shoes. "Hermione."

Her name had never felt so forbidden before as it did that time he rumbled it into her delicate lobe. Gently sucking and nipping the curled edge. Once he reached the succulent flesh, he drew in the lobe with his teeth, tenderly he pulled and suckled like a babe does a teat.

"Um, sir, is this..."

"Shush, Hermione, you break rules for others, break one for me."

Closing her eyes Hermione tried to resist this powerful, older man's seduction by unsuccessfully pushing him away. It did not help when that sinful voice, and those unlawful eyes were scorching her soul. Quivering with pleasure as she felt his large, capable hands grip onto her hips. His tantalising lips trailed long, open mouthed kisses down the column of her neck towards her shoulder.

"Do not deny me, Hermione," he sighed against her throat as he tenderly sucked in the flesh in the dip of her collarbone.

Hands had managed to untuck her blouse from her skirt so he could touch her warm, soft quavering flesh of her waist and stomach. NIMUE, she wanted to scream the moment flesh met flesh.

"I'd be late..."

"I'll write a note," Snape growled as he fisted her hair in his large strong hands. "I was in love once," he confessed. "A witch just like you. Bossy, interfering, but also like you, compassionate and beautiful."

Hermione's eyes snapped open at that and willed for the strength to push him away from her – even she knew he'd thank her later for her rejection. Seduction was one thing but love meant he had been thinking about her for longer than she was comfortable with. Then he began massaging back and she was his to command.

"Um okay, Pro-fess-ah!" his hand was now delving into her... blushing, Hermione wondered if he was thinking she was this other girl. "But sir, you do know I am not this person you loved, do you..." suddenly she felt his lips on hers as his tongue dominated her mouth.

"I am well aware who you are, Hermione," he growled every syllable in his deep toned, Northern dialect that somehow did more to wet her knickers than before. "I am not using you to make me feel better or worse, I feel thousands type of crap all ready I just," he sighed as he cupped her face in his hands rubbing his thumbs under her eyes making her look at him: "I just need release, Hermione. I do not want a slag, or a victim. I just want some pleasure from a beautiful woman, or is that to be denied me too? I'm the big-hootered bat of the Dungeons. He sleeps in a coffin and hates garlic. Well," he pushed away from her and gazed into her confused expression as she took this for what it was. He did not want to be a Spy, Death Eater – heck he probably despised teaching and was told to teach the son of the boy he detested with a passion. "I happen to love Italian cooking when it is done well, garlic bread is a good staple for Italian dining. I despise mushrooms, I am Northern but was bullied into speaking like this by The Ultimate Sex God of all – Lucius Malfoy – who said my Mancunian tones set his teeth on edge. I eat carrots because it is true," he tilted his head, "they can help Magical folks see in the dark," Hermione looked from him to the door and realised that was a heartless thing to do. Snape needed someone to talk to – But why her? "I have always wanted a string of daughters with good hair, skin – I dreamed of them placed in Ravenclaw – I just wish I had someone who could see that I am not a... not a... a monster." He rushed his hands through his hair and watched with a certain detachment as he observed the locks slide between his fingers. "It is what I am though," he sighed slumping in a chair burying his face in his hands ready to cry.

Slowly, Hermione walked to the door, pulled down the blind and placed a notice-me-not charm around the door frame. Cautiously, she approached the suddenly loquacious Professor.

"Do you wish me to fetch Minerva, sir?"

Shoulders shook and Hermione's heart broke over the sight of tears strolling down his face: "I see it in my head, every night, her death. I killed her, its all my fault. This is all my fault. Want to make things right but don't know what to do when we cannot resurrect the dead. I MURDERED HER GRANGER!" he threw a chair at the wall and it bounced of the wall in one piece with Hermione's quick thinking.

"Whomever you did wrong too, sir, must have been so important for you to do all what you continue to do for us," she laid a shaking hand on his shoulder. "But seducing a student is not going to make you feel any better."

Turning he gazed at her with tear filled eyes – Hermione wished she could drink his tears away for him. "Do you have any objections about sleeping with me, Miss Granger?"

A hitch in her throat showed her true consideration. Did she? Well, obviously not as she was quite happy when his lips suckled, teased, and tasted her throat, ear and mouth. In fact she was so close to spreading her legs for him that she would have not had time to consider the whys and wherefores.

"No," she sighed, "I do not think I would. In truth," she blushed.

"Tell me," he teased.

Slytherin on a pogo stick, Snape was flirting? Hermione shifted uncomfortably in her seat as she thought through her sexual history. She had already lost her virginity, long back to well... Then there was a Muggle boy eerily similar to Severus – even their names were similar – Steven Snape was her old friend. Snake boy, she called him, and he nicknamed her Foxglove. There was also that intelligent English Professor from a few streets down, about ten years older than her. Then, not her finest moment, one night with a somewhat suddenly friendly Theo Nott. Also, how could she forget two glorious months with... And, of course, her strange new choice in paramour. Could her older and darker choices have been leading up to this?

"Um, I sort have had an older man before – a few older men actually."

"Who were they?" Snape was looking for a handkerchief. Hermione bought out a packet of Kleenex and offered it to him. "To whom did you lose your virginity too?"

The sudden change in atmosphere caused Hermione to wish that she had kept her mouth shut. There was nothing she could do to halt the blush that was delicately painting her neck, spattering down to her still straining un-satiated breasts. "ItwasSiriusBlack," she mumbled as she felt his onyx gaze on her.

"Would you mind repeating that please?" Snape sneered. "Slowly."

Oh gods, she gulped: "I wanted to lose my virginity as I read about the first-time juices could be used as a protection charm extender and I was talking about it with Molly who said that her great grandmother's still around somewhere and can be used to protect still."

"Slow down, Hermione, take a breath and calm down."

Hermione nodded as her mile a minute story telling would end up with her in a faint on the floor. "Sorry," she smiled sheepishly. "Anyway. So, I started looking at the Order – out of the members there it was either Charlie, Fred, George, Sirius or Remus," her gaze fell down to her fingers twisting in a kind of invisible cats cradle. A few deep breaths were needed before she continued. Unaware of the slight colour change in his eyes. "I was pondering this then Sirius said he wanted to speak to me alone. It was just to make sure I was fine. I thought to myself that if anyone knows about wanting to protect it's him – so I decided to get a man's," Snape scoffed, Hermione glowered at him, "perspective. I confided in him my problem – he ranted, raved and threw his hands in despair at me – he was furious I had even picked up books from his library particularly the ones that dealt with blood wards. I reminded him that Lily saved Harry due to blood wards. He snarled at me that I was just a silly little girl trying to meddle in things I did not understand. Honestly," she rolled her eyes. "Then I rallied back: *Well, if you're going to be **that** immature about what I wish to do to protect my parents then maybe I will ask someone else. Someone who may understand blood magic...*" here she took a deep breath.

"You threatened him with me, did you not?"

Shaking her head Hermione smiled mischievously: "Draco, actually."

"Ah, right. Hit him in the family, yes?"

"Precisely," she said, hooking a chair leg with her foot and dragged it next to Snape as she sat down. "Anyway, he said he would not do it with me – so I began what turned out to be a short seduction of Sirius Black."

"I hope you were of age."

"I am practically a year older than Harry."

"Ah yes, a September birth," he had wiped the last of the tears and hoped that in the haze of anger he'd forget his lust but no. She was sitting there, prepared to miss her next class and telling him of how she had lost her virginity to Sirius Black. "So, how did you lure the mutt?"

"Be nice," she scolded through a smirk. "I ruffled his hair at the table, made sure to look at him with a dreamy smile. Get him hot under the collar – anyway, enforced imprisonment in Grimmauld Place coupled with his 12 years in Azkaban made him as desperate..." here Snape brushed hair behind her ear, leaned in and kissed below her lobe. Hermione sighed. "... Desperate," she continued, "for relief so he capitulated."

"You mentioned another?" he asked.

He needed no more details on how this beauty had sullied herself with Son Of A Bitch Black. Severus always loved how his initials were an acronym for his behaviour. It was as if Walburga knew. This time Hermione seemed *even more* reluctant to talk of whom had been her lover. This definitely piqued his interest. Hermione thought back to those beautiful months before *he* met his real love.

"I really must..." she felt a hand squeeze her thigh.

"Do not leave me, please?" he murmured as he rubbed his nose along the skin of her neck. "Who was your second paramour?"

"Remus," she sighed.

A small hope flickered inside her that these tales would cool his ardour, but she did not know Severus Snape. She certainly underestimated his hatred for the remaining Marauders. Not to mention his jealousy. Once it came to light she had been with the dogs Severus was more determined than ever to own her.

"The wolf?" he sneered.

First Lily now Hermione? What was it with intelligent Gryffindors? Severus found it hard to contain his fury.

"It did not mean to happen, just one night we both suddenly found ourselves alone in my home. My parents had gone shopping and neither of us knew until we both desired a cup of tea. We set aside our books and shuffled over to the kitchen," she sighed as she felt his fingers rediscover her soft juicy treasure. "Anyway," she jumped as his thumb brushed her clit. "As he handed me the milk our fingers brushed and we both felt a jolt. Suddenly, instead

of the kettle that whistled at boiling point it was us. From that moment on for the next two months he was on Order business to protect my parents and we found places to sneak off too and have a passionate fumble."

Who'd have thought, Snape smiled. The goody two shoes actually had a relationship with Lupin! That he could understand more than the current woman whom Remus seems to have tuned his heart too.

"Any others?" he growled as his fingers wished to dig deeper for their prize and open her up for something infinitely superior to his palm.

Hermione did not want to mention that. Firstly, she didn't want to know his reaction, secondly – it definitely would not cool his ardour any more. In fact it may spur him on. She most certainly did not underestimate a Slytherin's possessiveness. In fact she was not sure if this constituted cheating.

"Not... really..." she sighed as she felt her legs move so now she was practically sitting on Snape's lap. "Just... no..."

"Tell me, Granger!"

Here goes: "First Hogsmeade trip," she fidgeted. "I was on my own as Harry was moping over Ginny being kissed by Dean Thomas, and Ron was moaning about me; anyway, I went into Scriveners – the scent in that shop can calm me down more so than any draught and," interrupted by a hand covering her breast still wanting attention. Snape's mouth leaned in to cover the hardened nipple sucking on it to keep the little girl pleased. "Ooo – we should be..." then his other hand stopped seeking bounty down her panties as he undid her tie making sure she caught whiffs of her own scent to help her senses cave in to the feelings she was denying herself. "I want..." she became breathless with sudden desire to be kissed so deeply she could drown in him. "Anyway, my current... paramour... you called him..." gulping down the saliva that began gathering in her mouth. "Um. Well," he really was not going to like this. "I was looking at a beautifully silver wrought peacock quill. I had been desiring the quill for a while but it would take me," WHAT! Her mind screamed as she felt air hit her abdomen. It was then she looked down and saw her half-naked state. Tie discarded. Blouse chucked on the floor. Now all she had for modesty was a skirt that had been scrunched over her hips and tiny teal panties and front clasping bra: "Anyway, due to us seeing each other in the Slug Club I thought why not."

She's going to tell me it's Potter! Snape sneered. Why not? He is his father's son: "Be honest, Hermione," he purred as he swiftly unhooked her bra, slowly slipping the bra straps down her arms making sure to gently scrape his nails against her quivering flesh as he did so.

"Marcus Flint," she admitted. She decided to keep the Muggles and Theo a secret.

Now Snape stopped admiring her beautifully luminous breasts with darkened pebbled nipples aching for succour from his mouth: "That troll?!" he said incredulously.

"No he is not," Hermione defended her recent suitor.

This sat uneasily in Snape's mind. Now the reason for his seduction: Other than the one he gave Dumbledore of course, had come to light. If she was with Marcus Flint and on her own with him then that could only spell disaster. What did she see in him?

"I can be more man for you than that troll, Hermione," he promised as he swallowed a breast almost whole in his hungry mouth. Sucking, licking and pumping the little girl until her owner was panting and scratching his scalp with her nails. With a murmured spell he had rid them of their clothes and wrapped her legs around his hips. "Can you feel how much more?" he thrust up but not actually entering as he continued playing with her long, luscious locks between his sinewy, thin but oh-so-talented fingers. "Can you, Hermione?"

Hermione could but she could only gasp, sigh and shudder as his hand glided around her skin now shining with sweat. "Yes, Professor, take me, Sir!"

"With a great deal of pleasure," he purred as he shoved her against the cabinets – Hermione had not realised she was vertical once again. Her legs now firmly wrapped around her professor's waist as he guided his rock hard manhood into her now slick, open core. Easing himself in as he watched her eyes darken to molten toffee. Filling her with each delicious inch slowly – so she could feel the friction more when he finally decided to thrust – for now it was a genteel push. Not *one* of her lovers had felt like *that* before. "So tight, Hermione!"

"That's because..." she panted as she felt all 8 inches of him nestled inside her.

"Because what, my little witch?" he growled in her ear.

His little witch? "W-What do you mean by my..."

"I intend to *own* you, Hermione Granger," she looked up and saw his eyes change colour. Instead of whites showing his beautiful black orbs now became full slits of black shiny treacle. "Body, heart, mind and soul," he hissed.

"Y-you... you're..."

"A Veela, yes, it has lain dormant for longer than it should. Turns out there is a reason why, my little witch."

Gulp!

Hell!

NIMUE'S KNICKERS!

"W-when d-did..."

"Today as you were duelling," he whispered against her tasty neck. "Why do you think I delayed you?"

"The other..."

"Was not my mate."

Hermione processed this information. A Veela, as she knew from Fleur, were possessive of their intended mates. Throw in the fact that Professor Snape was also a Slytherin and could weave grudges into his cloak, Hermione was in for a sticky time.

"Do I not have to be willing to..."

"Oh yes," he breathed on her breasts. "I wonder, how old you are Hermione."

"17 – yesterday," she answered. "I must admit I felt different then. Suddenly I looked at Ron, whom I have been sort of attracted to for a while, and I realised he disgusted me and when he slung an arm around my shoulders I wanted to vomit!"

"That was my song causing you to reject him. Already your senses were feeling out for their true Mate – what about in the lesson?" this time Snape bent down and suckled the flesh at the edge of her collarbone.

"I was at once wanting to be alone with you, I lingered and I usually wish to rush to my next class."

"That is you already knowing, on some level, I desired you."

Possibly, she thought though that was a sceptical thought: "So," she sighed as he began to slowly move within her. "What do we do now?"

"Now, my little witch, I have to take you. Once the Veela within activates it needs to be... fed..."

"Um," Hermione nodded as she continued to gaze into his eyes. Oval shapes of onyx set in his already characterful countenance took her breath away: "This lends whole new meaning to the term... bite me," she smiled.

"It most certainly does, Hermione, however I cannot do that until I have alerted the staff to this thorny problem, and as we're mates – I wish to marry you legally too. On our honeymoon *then* I will bite you, my little witch."

Hermione shivered as she thought of belonging to the Professor in every way when he thrust back inside her bringing her concentration back on the seduction in hand.

The delicious moans of copulation from Hermione spurred Severus further on with his task as he pumped in and out seeking both hers and his, satisfaction. With grace and fluidity Hermione met his lunges in perfect synchronicity. Severus loved the feel of a slippery vagina encouraging his stirring rod to brew up a passion filled scream from his witch and mate.

Sweet little moans, slight purrs of desire from his Veela, as it had found joining with his mate to be as wonderful as it had known it would be. The little witch that brought him to life was going to be one satisfied witch indeed.

"Hermione, you realise once we've mated I will fiercely protect you against anything," he puffed out as he thrust deeper into her making sure she knew what and whom she belonged to

now. "I will not take interlopers. This is the only reason why you are permitted to tell your friends of this. I. Will. Not. Tolerate. Boys. Drooling. Over. You. When. You. Are. MINE!"

The last word yelled as he came inside her, his legs jolting furiously with the might of his orgasm, as Hermione dug her nails deeply into his flesh. The sounds of Hermione's panting was a romantic symphony to his ears, breasts bouncing with every thrust downwards, as she continued squeezing his rod with her own brand of possessiveness. Still seeking her own true fulfilment. Snape, being the unselfish lover that he was, angled down his delicious digits to her clit: "Come, Hermione, come be my mate."

"Yes," she breathed as he played and rolled her clit around his thumb and forefinger.

"Repeat after me: I Am Severus Snape Witch, I Belong to no other man!"

This was cruel, he knew, but he wanted to hear it being said. The Veela demanded to know that it was in control. Panting with darkened eyes that Severus found too captivating, cheeks red and gleaming from their exercise, lips swollen and parted. Snape had never seen anything more beautiful in his life and could not wait to see her round with child.

"I belong to Severus Snape, no other man shall have me!" she purred.

"Not quoted directly from the source?" he mocked. "My if this is what Eros Embrace does to your brain I may make you write essays in the throes of passion."

"You always tell me to paraphrase," she replied. "Please help me come, sir!"

It was the sir that made him cave in. His penis had hardened within her and he thrust whilst pinching her clit – the harder the thrust the tighter the pinch until Hermione screamed so loud he was certain it went into the veil to mock Black.

Once the haze had settled, Hermione slowly slipped off Snape and gazed shyly up at him through her lashes: "I cannot wait to be bitten by you, and be yours forever-more, Severus," she dragged his head down by the nape of his neck to kiss him once more before she let go and shakily got dressed. "By the way," she smirked a little, "Black was hopeless in bed – there is such a thing as being too gentlemanly – he was far too *needy*. You're just right."

"Because we are meant to be, the Veela within knows this, and does what will only give you the greatest of pleasure, now no one can hurt you without me knowing it."

Hmm, she licked her lips, so I am now Severus Snape's mate – and I do not seem overly bothered by this. Should this be concerning? Oh Merlin, he said I can tell Ron and Harry – how in Godric's Name – am I supposed to get that into normal everyday conversation? Bewildered by what happened she decided to walk down to the Great Hall and mull things over in her head whilst peering up at the enchanted sky lying flat on her back on the table. If she was told off – she would just move onto the bench.

Once he was on his own, Severus rushed his robes back on and dashed to the Floo: "Albus, gather the Order, I need to make a confession."

Two hours later everyone was seated around the large sitting room of Grimmauld Place. Severus could feel someone's eyes on him and he turned to see whom it was. Fleur widened her eyes in surprise. Bill turned and nodded at his old teacher as did Charlie. Remus however glared blackly at Snape.

"Well, Severus, what is this meeting you desired to be about?" Albus blue eyes twinkled.

"I have been keeping a secret from everyone," Severus sighed. "There was a time when my mother's side of the family were contracted, for a time, to marry Veela's – the eldest son seemed to always succeed in finding a Veela mate. This was centuries ago and suddenly the practice died out. However," he took in a deep breath. "My Veela has been dormant, so much so I did not know it was there. At first it was awoken by a friend of the past but she clearly was not meant to be as..."

"You would die," Fleur murmured, "yes, it iz sad, no!"

"Then it went dormant completely after she married someone else, so I thought little of it until today when it suddenly found someone and this time my Veela would not take no for an answer. I have yet to claim her in the truest sense of the word but..." he decided to look at Fleur hoping she could restore the calm for when the torrent of abuse was going to be hurled at him: "I have seduced her thoroughly enough making my intentions known clearly, as my mate is not a dunderhead, she would know the significance."

"May we know who the mate is?" Arthur asked.

Good old sturdy Arthur, this would be the point where the Order Meeting would descend into anarchy: "This is the part I am dreading to relate to you, but tell it so I must," he sank down on the chair he had previously been sitting on, "you see," he sighed, "it turns out my mate is... um... Hermione Granger..."

... Deathly silence rang over all ...

AN: So this idea has been sitting around for awhile now. Four different types of callings. Same witch. One Order Member, one Spy, two Death Eaters... poor Hermione... sigh.. This will be a little more smutty than my usual...

Seven Days

Chapter Summary

The Meeting is adjourned - something is revealed - It turns out there was a reason she had a lover in Remus before. In less than a week Hermione has soul bonded with another charismatic creature.

Chapter Notes

Hermione is of age in this story. The UK age of consent is 16 years. (I got a flamer on this chapter but at least here we can delete flames!)

 **Silver Lioness's portrait.**

Disclaimer: JK Rowling and Warner Bros own the fantastic world of Harry Potter.

As always thank you **Geekmom13** for looking this over for me x

TRIGGERS: Outdoor sex. Teacher/Student. A little Dumbledore bashing (think of me swatting his shoulder with a rolled up newspaper). Open Relationships. Soul Bonds.

Fancasts

Kingsley Shacklebolt: Paterson Joseph

Fenrir Greyback: Idris Elba

Antonin Dolohov: Colin Farrell

Remus Lupin: Ewan McGregor

Howl, **seven days to the wolves**
Where will we be when they come?
Seven days to the poison and a place in heaven
Time drawing near as they come to take us

This is where heroes and cowards part ways

Nightwish

Chapter 2: Veela Unexpected

Seven Days

If Severus thought that the screech that Molly emitted would deafen him it was nothing to the rest of the Order's reactions.

"MY DAUGHTER! YOU HAVE SEDUCED MY DAUGHTER? I'LL HANG YOU FROM YOUR GIZZARDS SNAPE!"

It was useless to convince Molly that Hermione did actually have living, good parents of her own, once the whole Skeeter thing had been gently explained to her by Ginny she had apologised profusely to Hermione for her actions and since then decided that Hermione was hers to protect. The twins were glowering murderously at him, one more so than the other. Snape inwardly smirked: Ah, so that's the one who fancies her then. Fred, the louder one of the two. He had always wondered who Fred was daydreaming about in his classes.

The one who did not erupt into a furious bubbling cauldron of flames was Remus who just sat back with a furrowed brow. He sat back in his chair contemplating this news.

"It was not my intention, Molly," Severus sighed. "Do you think I wanted this to happen?" he snapped. "Hermione has come of age and my Veela blood responded. Miss Delacour will understand," he turned to the elegantly poised French witch conveying how he wished her to back him up. "What was it like when you realised Bill was your mate?"

"As eef I 'ad come alive," she said shyly gripping tightly onto his hand. "Bill keeps my inner Veela at bay, and I has to ask, Mollee," she turned her head to her future mother-in-law, "what eez wrong wiz Severus to woo 'Ermione – zey are both clever, no? Zey are both, 'ow you say, two peas in a pod... 'Ermione needs an older, wiser man 'ho can challenge 'er intellect."

"She has not finished her schooling," Molly sniffed. "She is still young enough to be his daughter. She also is..."

Severus sighed as he stood up: "I am well aware of the thorny issue of her age and status but Miss Delacour has rightly said that Hermione is of a superior intellect to those of her own age and would blossom much better under the guidance of the older man. I agree with you Molly

that older man should not be me, but if the Veela is refused – I could die. Do you wish me dead, Molly? Truthfully now?"

Molly sank in her seat, all fight gone out of her as she passed a hand across her brow: "Just don't harm her, Severus, she has become special in my heart."

"I cannot harm my mate, Molly," Severus sighed. "I have always protected her before I knew she was, and I will damn well make sure she is safe now. In fact, she is protected *more* as my mate."

"You *will* tell her parents?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, I will," Severus said. "I have also told Hermione she may tell her friends..."

"Ron won't take it calmly," mused Bill who knew his youngest brother was harbouring feelings for Hermione. "Well, Fleur, we must go," he took his fiancée's hand, elegantly rising her from her seat as he did so. "I must say, I admire your honesty in stating something so intimate in front of us. If there is anything we can do to help..."

"Thank you, Bill," Severus was genuinely impressed by his maturity. "Now, I must make my leave. I am sorry for this but the Veela..."

Molly stood up then and walked her way to Severus. She stood in front of him. Short but somehow fierce in her stance. Even the Dark Lord would surely tremble before Molly Weasley when one of her children by blood and choice were harmed.

"I should slap you but, can I ask... did she know *why* you were drawn to her?"

"Yes," he sighed. "She has knowingly entered into the mating. I would not be at all surprised if she is penning a letter to Miss Delacour as we speak with sheets of questions and references right now."

"You're probably right," Molly sighed. "Now, I suppose I need not remind you that..."

"If I break her heart you will hang me by my gizzards," he smirked.

Molly nodded: "Good, just so we're clear."

Arthur took her hand and they too went through the Floo home. The next to scowl at him was, rather surprisingly, Kingsley Shacklebolt. He swept by without saying a word. So, he chuckled, his little fireball was under the top Auror's skin. His Veela did choose well. No wonder it made him act as soon as possible. The twins swept their beady eyes up and down his body. Contempt shining through their eyes – one huffed in disgust before disappearing. The other then charged at him and grabbed Severus robes in huge fists and snarled.

"I will find out if you have tricked her," he threatened. "I will and when I do I will make you pay."

"If you were that fond of her you would have protected her better than this, Frederick."

Due to his legilimency skill, he was the only one who could tell them apart. He also knew the stocky red head hated being called by his full name.

"I do not have to answer to you, Snape, not anymore – I will be up every Hogsmeade weekend and if I so much as whiff the stench of dark magic on her I will kill you myself!"

With that Fred marched smartly into the fireplace and went home. It was now when he felt safe to walk out of the lounge room to make his way to the front door. As soon as his hand squeezed around the handle of the front door he found himself thumped against the wall, a snarling Lupin in front of him. Or rather, Moony, the werewolf's lips curled showing teeth.

"How dare you!" Lupin growled. "HOW BLOODY DARE YOU!"

"You think I don't know," Severus sneered. "Do not pretend to be holier-than-thou wolf. She told me you dated for two months. That's almost serious!"

"At least I had not been her teacher for a year. At least I had not betrayed anyone's trust!"

"Oh, so sneaking around behind her parents back was not betraying anyone's trust, Lupin?"

"I broke it off when I realised that I was taking away something good from her!"

"Let me tell you something, wolf," sneered Severus. "She told me about her dalliance with Black too. I daresay I have washed both your filth out of her by my ministrations."

Suddenly Remus eyes became golden, they flashed and sparkled as the Wolf began taking over. The voice was Moony's now, not Remus: "MINE!" he growled. "MATE MINE!"

Severus smirked and pushed the werewolf off him: "Well, we had best inform Nymphadora then, had we not?"

"Inform me of what?" the Metamorphmagi stood there, hands on hips, glaring at the men before. Her Auror skills had made sure she managed to hide from them and overheard their conversation. "Severus, I think it is best I inform you that I am well-aware of Remy's attraction to Hermione and it is particularly strong about three days before the full-moon. Moony desires her, Remy does not. If you thought to throw a spanner in the works there is nothing I do not know. Some of us actually *talk* through our problems rather than keeping it all in."

Severus turned his gaze to Nymphadora: "Are you all right that your boyfriend wants someone else?"

"I cannot give Moony what he desires, I can, however, please Remy. I have told him that now Hermione is of age he may inform Hermione what she means to him three days before the full moon. So, I suggest if you do not want your neck ripped apart you allow him that chance. I am willing to share – honestly, I am glad to be sharing with Hermione – she is resilient, warm, caring and beautiful. She is the little sister I never had. SO," she sighed heavily. "I think it is time we went home too, Mister Wolf."

The golden light had left Remus eyes as he turned to Nymphadora. "Right, sorry about that," he sighed as his hand wrapped around his girlfriend's. "Now, you got to prepare for duty around Hogsmeade and I need to prepare for Moony's appearance."

"So, you really do not mind..."

"It's called love, Severus. I am willing to help him any way I possibly can – if Hermione soothes the savage beast within for two nights – it is not much of a sacrifice. Can it be called cheating if I know about it?"

"I suppose not," Severus sighed. "I am not sure the Veela is happy with this new information but we will give this a trial run and the ultimate decision lies within Hermione's own heart."

At this Remus tilted his head sideways and nodded: "I will write to her tonight – explaining I need to speak with her tomorrow or Sunday."

"Under the guise of collecting your Wolfsbane of course?"

"Of course," Remus sighed. "Look, Severus, if we have to have happened to have the same mate bonded witch – I guess we should get along now..."

"Let bygones be bygones?" Severus' eyes glittered at the Werewolf, "I do not think that is going to be easy – do you? Or doable. Besides if I could not be forgiven for saying one word due to the treatment *your friends* were giving me then I put it to you, Lupin, to find me five well reasoned arguments as to why *I* should forgive *you*. At least I am giving you a chance to explain yourself, I was not offered the same courtesy."

With that Severus swept out of the hall – Nymphadora walked up to Remus: "Don't let him get to you!"

"No, Dora, for once, he is right. I forget that my friends actions caused him to lose the only friend he had in his life. I had a pack. He had no one. I was in a position to help him but I remained quiet and allowed it to happen."

Dora sucked in her breath: "I know my cousin was a bit of a moron but it can't have been..."

Remus turned to his girlfriend and sighed: "Dora, Black was a *little bit more* than a moron to Severus. He and James always conspired to separate Lily from him. James was obsessed with her. You know, I doubt they'd be together if they had survived."

"Were they not madly in love?"

"James was obsessed with her from the age of eleven. I cannot honestly call that love," Remus sighed. Neglecting deliberately to tell her that he had fallen out with James before they married. "Lily was broken hearted for a year over Severus... I reckon that they would have become destructive over time."

"You're probably right – how come you tell Harry..."

"Tell him the truth? What good would that do? No, let him believe his parents were absolutely mad for each other with pure love. They did love Harry though."

Dora smiled sadly. It is a shame what people think is fairy tale is actually a nightmare. "Come you," she sighed. They slowly made their way to the Floo and went home.

Once home Remus set about writing to Hermione. Dora looked it over, copied it with added notes of her own. She wanted to reassure the young witch.

The next day, Hermione was sitting at the table confused over her new found situation. Did she really have mad sex with Snape yesterday? Did she *really* say that he was the best she had ever had. Well, she sighed, he *was*. The only one who came close was Lupin.

It was Saturday. Hermione's body clock always made her early for breakfast no matter what the day. Harry and Ron joined her – Ron wiping sleep from his eyes. They focussed on a blond Gryffindor a year above them whose gaze rested completely on Hermione.

"McClaggen's looking at you again," he muttered. "Want me to hex him for you?"

"No," Hermione sighed. "Just let it be, he is harmless."

"Don't forget tomorrow's Quidditch try-outs," Harry nudged Ron.

Unfortunately it was then that Cormac had walked up to the trio. He slid into the spot next to Hermione and flashed a perfect grin at her. "Going to watch me become Keeper – who knows, I might be able to save you?" he winked.

"No thanks," Hermione said disgusted with him.

The owls chose that moment to descend upon them. One landed in front of Hermione – the trio recognised it – the owl was Remus Lupin's. What did he need from her? She'd made it perfectly clear that he was not to approach her. With a sigh she took the missive and gave the owl a piece of sausage before opening the scroll only to find Dora's handwriting too, this could be interesting.

Cormac was irritatingly stubborn and stuck to her side like glue. Harry and Ron both glared hatefully at him from the other side but the older Gryffindor was too smug to notice. He was sitting next to the top student of his house. He considered himself Pride Leader and she is his Queen.

This parasite did not deter her in reading her letter:

"Dearest Hermione,

RL: This may seem strange after our parting. I am pleased that you revealed to no one of our liaison. Yet you confessed to Severus. No, lovely, you are not in trouble – Not in the way you may think. Do you think it strange when you and I were at our most passionate? Did you never question our connection? I know that it is an urban legend, but there are always smidgeon of truths in legends are there not?

You see, there is a small ounce of veracity in Werewolves having specific mates. Your reading must have covered that. I remember when Severus tricked you all into writing an essay on my kind. You, sweet clever little thing, was the only one in the entire school who worked it all out about me, yet kept your knowledge to yourself.

Let me tell you now that your wonderful company those precious two months were bliss for Moony. You managed to soothe him in a way no one has. Your lovely voice, your warm eyes. Your kind smile and gentle laugh. Sweet Hermione, you are Moony's mate.

Dora: Please, Hermione, do not think that you are intruding on anything. Remus is still very much mine but at the time of the full moon, for two nights a month, Moony completely yearns for you. I am not enough for him those nights. You would be enhancing our relationship. Please. Hermione, if I had to choose to share him with anyone it would either be you or Ginny.

RL: See, my petal, if you accept this bizarre situation it would help us immensely. This is not to say that 'Remus' does not see worth and beauty in you neither. I have to be somewhat attracted to you for Moony to be so enthralled by you. Those two months were the most at peace I have ever felt. Moony needs you, Hermione. I need you.

Do not worry, I am aware of Severus problem with his inner Veela and how he desires you for his mate. How you have already completed one part of that – as I said, we can work out something. Severus is only a minor Veela and does not have the absolute strong characteristics that Miss Delacour has. However, it would be wise to communicate with her and ask for tips to keep Veela's happy.

There are no tips on how to keep Moony happy other than being just your perfectly gorgeous little self.

Dora: I will reiterate that I am one hundred percent okay with this. You are like the little sister I never had, and you would make me happy by joining us. Not in a threesome unless you desire it so. I just want to tell you, angel, I won't hold anything against you. Also, I could sort of persuade Severus to sleep with me those two nights...

I kinda had a crush on him as a kid in school you know. Always wondered if it was true about what they said about men with big noses...

Anyway...

RL: Ahem, yes. Now if you are not completely shocked or disgusted, the time Moony shows is Monday – I will be in the school to collect my potion from Severus. If you desire to meet me I believe that we can see each other in a special room...

Write soon, my dearest, I and especially Moony, await your response.

Love

Remadora!"

Hermione's mouth was dry after reading that letter. She squirmed in her seat as she remembered perfectly how two nights before his transformation their love-making took on a whole different, desperate, dimension. She felt flushed.

"What does Remus have to say?" Harry asked.

"Remus?" Cormac scoffed. "That awfully scruffy werewolf? I think Hermione has better taste than that," he preened.

"Meaning self-absorbed di..." Ron began.

"Remus is fine," interrupted Hermione. "He and Dora just had a problem they think I could help with. I need to discuss things with the Headmaster," she said as she stood.

Cormac picked her bag up for her and offered to escort her. "Do not want our beauty to be attacked by lone Slytherin's do we now," he grinned.

With that Hermione found herself unwillingly taken to the Headmaster's office by McClaggen. They made it up the first flight of stairs when Severus stepped in their path. Noting with a scowl McClaggen's arm around *his* Hermione's shoulder. He was mollified somewhat by the scent of disgust permeating the air around Hermione.

"McClaggen, I suggest you remove your upper appendage from Miss Granger before I decide to hex it off her."

"Oh come on, sir," McClaggen grinned. "She really enjoys it, don't you, Hermione? Besides, I am escorting her to the Headmaster's Office," he puffed up his chest.

"If I was wavering in my belief that Gryffindors were self-absorbed peacocks you have just reasserted my faith," Snape said. "You may go and bother some other girl, perhaps some simpering fan of yours. I will escort Miss Granger to the Headmasters Office."

Cormac looked like he was about to close rank around Hermione by himself: "I can..."

"I'm sorry, I believe I ordered you to find a simpering twit to charm, now... go!"

With that Cormac slowly shuffled off Hermione, handed her bag back and loped away down the stairs that he had just climbed. Snape picked up her bag in chivalrous duty to his mate and Hermione let him. He managed to arrange his robes about them that allowed him to wrap an arm around her waist without anyone knowing.

"I thought I told you to tell your friends..."

"Cormac is not a friend," Hermione scoffed. "Barely even an acquaintance. He's just suddenly decided I am the girl for him. Though how and why is a mystery."

"You are not unattractive you know," Severus growled in her ear. "You are more likely to be tempted away from me than I from you."

Hermione blushed. It was disconcerting for her to be hearing words of praise from her normally truculent Professor. The sex was great for her but she was certain he must have had better.

"What do we say to the Headmaster," Hermione began worrying her lower lip, the full juicy part that Severus wanted to nibble and taste himself, "I mean in a way so you don't get the..."

"He knows already, Hermione," Severus whispered in her ear amidst a chuckle. "I informed the entire Order about it last night."

"THE EN..." she wanted to yell but realised they were still rather public. "The entire order?" she hissed. "Bloody hell," she sighed, "well, when you decide to become a lion you go at it full-throttle don't you!"

"What do you mean: *when I decide to become a lion?*"

"Oh come on, you are not seriously telling me you were not almost a Gryffindor yourself?"

"How do you know that?" he tilted his head to one side. That was one aspect of himself he dared not tell even Lily. She'd have been furious if he stated his wish to be in Slytherin rather than the house she was chosen for. "I was a hat-stall for three houses... I..."

Blushing a little Hermione nodded: "You are from a house that states self-preservation is better than valour – yet you stood in front of a werewolf for us!"

"A werewolf you then started a passionate two month affair with," he reminded her.

"Well, now I know why, as he and Dora explained things well enough in this letter I need to discuss with the Headmaster."

"He will accommodate," Severus sighed. "Anything for his golden boy Marauders and..." he was about to say something about Harry she knew but he shut his mouth. Part of the Mate Bond thing was irksome for someone like Snape who could sense future pain. "Look, the wolf and I have come to an agreement but neither I, nor my Veela, are happy about this."

"Dora does not mind," Hermione shrugged. "If I am to be considered Mate Bonded with two older men well," she blushed. "I am extremely lucky to have two intelligent and quite..." the pink turned red as she was about to reveal her feelings for him. "Sexy men."

They finally reached their destination at this pronouncement. Hermione hid behind her hair to conceal her embarrassment and arousal at Snape's arched eyebrow. The Gargoyle sneered at the inappropriate couple before him, he may be carved of stone but magic gave him a heart and a name, not that anyone cared to ask him what it was. He crouched patiently awaiting one of them to say the next silly password this headmaster bestowed upon him. The gargoyle wished he could whip the buzzard for jesting over the serious situation guarding was. So it was with a scowl he received said word from the mouth of the DADA professor.

"Snozzcumbers!" Severus grimaced.

Hermione giggled: "I think I had best tell the Headmaster that is not a real muggle sweet flavouring had I not?"

"Oh I don't know," he smirked down at her. "We do not know what could be in the Rainforests – there may yet be a Snozzcumber."

Hermione laughed as they made their way up the winding staircase where the door was already open: "Ah, Severus, Hermione."

"Albus;" "Headmaster," Hermione curtsied. Though she did not know why, or what made her do it.

"Finally a gel with manners in this office," said a voice to her right.

"Headmaster Black," she inclined her head. "I thank you for your compliment."

Phineas smug smirk made her roll her eyes and grin back. He may have been a blood supremacist but at least, in his day, his excuse was somewhat justified. People were still fearful of science – let alone magic. Hermione turned her attention back to her lover and the wizened Headmaster.

"I always thank people for compliments," she said needlessly.

What she did not know was that Phineas was ogling her back side, causing a low snarl forming in the base of Severus throat. His Veela may have been accommodating to Moony. Extenuating circumstances was called in there, however to see a long-dead Black ancestor appreciating his mates' form was unquestionably bad taste. This was the man responsible for his childhood tormentor, his worst enemy in the Death Eater camp and the blond prat he was forced to babysit. So, he held no love for Phineas Nigellus Black. The fact that he was now observing his mate, keen, hungry eyes sparkling evidence of his desire was not comforting to Snape.

"Phineas," snapped Severus.

"Sorry, Severus, however for a Mud..."

"Say the word and you'll get turpented!" threatened the head of house.

"Muggleborn..."

Hermione shrugged her shoulders and smiled as Severus led her by the elbow to the high backed chairs the other side of the desk: "We have something important to discuss, Albus."

"Of course," Albus said gesturing to the comfortable sofa's set aside from the desk, next to the windows that showed the view from the highest point of the castle, instead. The three sat down, Severus on the arm of the chair that Hermione chose. "Now, what seems to be the matter?"

"It seems my confession has ignited flames from another quarter," Severus said formally addressing the situation.

"Oh," was all Albus said sparkling his usual sapphire twinkle.

"I have received a missive from Remus and Dora," Hermione sighed. "I was in a heated affair with him for two months but we stopped. Now, it appears that there was a reason why he was drawn to me."

"Continue," Dumbledore leaned back in his seat. He was not sure he liked where this was heading.

"It seems that though Remus loves Dora – Moony seems to be drawn to me," she sighed. "We need to be together two nights before the full-moon as he said that his transformations those two months were smoother for him. I was never with him on the night. He just needed me two nights."

Albus steepled his fingers together and tapped them against each other as he mused over this development. No, he definitely did not like this, it could mess up with his plans entirely.

"Is it possible I can go to Grimmauld Place for those two nights, sir?" Hermione asked.

"How does your Veela feel about this, Severus?" Dumbledore asked.

"He will compromise," Severus sighed. "This can be bought under the usual header of: The Greater Good, can it not?"

"So you are sure of her spending another night in another man's arms?"

"Just for two nights a month, I won't tolerate it at other times."

"Fine, Miss Granger, you may use Severus' floo network on Wednesday and Thursday night before the Full Moon next week."

"Thank you, Headmaster," she stood up with a bright smile on her face. "I will inform Remus of the decision," she was about to leave the office but Severus Veela snapped and he twirled her around, crushing her to his body before giving her the most passionate kiss she had received in her young life. "What was that for?" she gasped.

"Comfort," Severus said.

Hermione smirked: "Really," she said. "Perhaps we can continue *away* from prying eyes?"

That was all Severus needed to hear before he yanked her arm and into Albus Floo network to his own private chambers. Neither saw a certain Headmaster creep away from his portrait. Nor the furrowed brow of the living Headmaster as the two merrily made their way to Eros embrace.

"What do I do now?" he sighed. "There was not supposed to be a mate to Moony – nor was Severus supposed to be appreciated by anyone..."

For a Gryffindor Remus felt awfully nervous suddenly. Moony was prowling within, anxiously awaiting for his mate and the Full Moon. Severus rolled his eyes as he watched the man wear a groove in the stone slabs of the floor.

"What are you so nervous about?" he asked waspishly.

"She is so beautiful, Severus," Remus sighed. "They both are. I'm a monster – you know it as well as I."

"I've cornered the market on self-deprecation Lupin," Snape said, "she is perfectly aware of whom and what you are, I must say I hold new appreciation for Tonks."

"You know," Remus smiled, the old Marauder mischief shining in his eyes, "Dora wrote in her letter that if you miss Hermione – we could sort of swap – her abilities makes it rather interesting at times. She can change into your hearts desire."

At this Severus arched an eyebrow: "Hmm, well it may ease the soul within if I am able to hold Hermione in a faux form. Can she copy mannerisms as well?"

Remus smirked: "I can imagine Sirius wanting to leap out from behind the veil to stop the madness, don't you?"

"Ah yes, I would not put it past him to stop my having fun," Snape sighed.

At this Remus lowered his eyes, shamefully blushing and running his hands through his already shaggy hair: "Harry told us off when he found out what we did to you. He is not James you know. Let him like you, Severus, his loyalty is won forever."

"If Hermione requests this of me I shall consider it, however as it is only you..."

Remus lips quirked up at the corners and his hazel eyes twinkled mischievously. He was saved from replying with the entrance of Hermione Granger in the office. Severus could not take his eyes off her, dressed as she was, in a claret velvet gown that clung beautifully to her curves. Her hair in loose plait with champagne and chocolate tones on her eyes matched with a lipstick of the sweetest pink. Ruby studs sparkled on her ears. Definitely dressed for seduction.

The werewolf's eyes bulged out of their sockets at the young witch's attire. She'd dressed like this for him?

"Shall we go then?" Hermione whispered shyly. Both men had to clear their throats. "Remus?"

She offered her hand to the man she was going on a date with. Remus took it gently and led her closer to him. "You are a balm for a sore spirit, Hermione," he said. "Shall we go then?"

Beaming brightly Severus sighed at her beauty, as did Remus with Moony panting in expectation of him, he was kind – for now – the moment the date was done Remus promised his Wolf that he could seduce Hermione then.

The moment they left his office his Mark flared up. Cursing like a sailor he grabbed his Death Robes and mask and took a floo to the Hogs Head Inn – where Aberforth nodded – and Snape apparated from there to Malfoy Manor.

He just hoped Lupin would keep her safe.

Hermione found herself in a clearing in a forest, laid out at her feet was path lined by fairies in jars lighting her way to a fleece tartan blanket in the Cawdor pattern. She smirked to herself. Set next to wicker hamper with leather straps and gold buckles was a glass of wine in ice and two elegant glasses. Hermione noticed something in a box by a vase that held her favourite flowers in the world.

"Do you know where we are, Hermione?"

She looked up at his handsome, rugged form and was a little jealous Tonks got to have this man permanently, she will be Mrs Lupin whilst she, Hermione, would be the Mistress. Maudlin thoughts like these were not going to win her Seductive Points. So, she pushed those thoughts aside and went back to Remus question.

"We are at..." here she felt his presence behind her. Moony seemed to be howling to her and she wished to howl in return but she was not a wolf. Not yet. Where did that thought come from? "... Um er – not sure actually?"

"The birthplace of Godric Gryffindor," he said trailing nails down her arms. "I took you here for..."

"My first time with you," Hermione smiled turning on her heel so she could look into Remus blue, no, gold – his eyes had been taken over by Moony. She was looking into Moony's eyes. "So I suppose it will be symbolic that it will be my first time with Moony here too."

"Exactly," Remus said gruffly. Moony's voice. Oh dear, she realised that this was what Remus was afraid of. She'd hear Moony and run. She did not. She was intrigued by this Moony. "Hermione, would you like a drink?"

Feels like I am with Mr Jekyll and Dr Hyde, she thought. "Well, it is a week night so I guess one glass of wine."

Carefully she lowered herself on the blanket wrapping her mind around the clear night sky – the moon almost full. This should be interesting indeed.

"What can I do to soothe Moony?" she asked as she was handed the wine – Remus joined her side and wrapped an arm around her waist. Quickly he nuzzled his nose into her hair.

"Mate," he growled.

"Yes, I know that, Moony," Hermione whispered, "but is there not food in the basket. Must I not feed you first as a symbol of acceptance?"

A dark chuckle emanated from behind. Remus with Moony's reflexes thrust Hermione behind him. His body bent at the waist. His hands flexing in and out – a snarl on his lips. The voice materialised – a tall, broad-shouldered dark-skinned man stepped out of the forest. Hermione made a quick calculation. This intruder looked like he should be a cage fighter or a boxer. Her friend would stand no chance of besting him in a fight.

"Just a friendly visit cub," the man growled. His white sharp teeth already flecked with blood. "Could smell ya miles away Moony. What brings you here?"

"Mine!"

"Oh, Moony you have to learn to talk properly, what is yours."

"BITCH – MINE!" Moony growled.

The man swivelled an almond eyed gaze to the sight of a young witch quivering behind Moony.

"I am your Alpha, cub – ease your stance – I am not here to hurt your mate," Moony whimpered and skulked back to Hermione and licked her hand like a dog would.

"He's attempting to intimidate me by making sure his scent is all over you," Hermione nodded and awkwardly patted Moony's head. He panted and Hermione looked down to see the wolf in human form. "It won't – I am his alpha."

"Th-then you m-must b-be... um..."

"Fenrir Greyback at your service," he said flourishing an elegant bow towards her.

Moony leapt on all fours in front of Hermione. "MINE!"

Greyback rolled his eyes: "I bit you, I control you, you will desist from marking like a youngling. The Alpha will decide if you are ready to mate yet Moony. I merely wish to know all about your delightful prospect."

"Moony," she said calmly crouching down and moving his chin with her finger, Fenrir watched with fascination as this girl soothed the cub. "I will be yours but your Alpha wishes to get to know me. He shan't be long and we can get back to our date."

"MATE! MATE! MINE!"

"Perhaps you can improve his vocabulary. Shame, because Remus is an articulate fellow."

The name said by his Alpha seemed to mollify Moony somewhat as he stood up straight, yet Moony was evident in the eyes. Greyback walked confidently up to the pair and Moony's growl reverberated to the girl who was now shaking as Fenrir slowly stalked around her – the dress did nothing to hide the shape of her body and Fenrir's eyes grew wide as he caught sight of her bottom – oh yes, he liked her! He liked her a lot.

"What is your name, witch?"

"Hermione Granger," she answered a stiffly as she could but even she could feel the pull. The Alpha smiled as he stopped to peruse her front. "Muggleborn if you must know," she snapped.

"I don't give a monkeys – all blood types can become mine at the right bite."

"I am sure you personally do not but you like how the..." she was about to debate but saw Moony who was being controlled by Remus shake his head. "Do you honestly like torturing children?"

"The younger they are the tastier they are – also they have longer to grow into their forms, to accept it."

Hermione did not expect sound logic to come into play here. In his twisted mind she supposed it was a favour.

"It does not bode well for the families," she said gently.

"Gives them time to get used ter it," Fenrir shrugged his shoulders. "Look, werewolves heal better than humans. Werewolves are stronger than humans. Werewolves can out run a human. What is there not to like in that?"

"I am not saying being a Werewolf is necessarily a bad thing," Hermione said – he was pleased to note she did not lift her head up to look him in the eyes. She was feeling the pull. Oh this would be sweet: "I just do not understand why so many refuse the Wolfsbane so that they can lead some sort of a life. Remus loves it. He has a girlfriend..."

"I can see that and what a tasty treat he offers me."

"You?" she blinked. "I do not understand."

"I am the Alpha. I get the first dibs on everything. I eat first meat, I drink first, I wake up first, sleep first. I make the choices of who shall hunt with me that day. I am the one who fights for my pack. I deserve the first rights with any werewolf bitches in my pack. Wonder what type of wolf you'd make?"

Moony leapt then on Fenrir's back snarling, biting, clawing and kicking but he was no match against the alpha. "FOOL!" he yelled. "You know the rights," he reached back and flung Moony down on the floor on his back. "I won't fight tonight in honour of your mate, but remember this Moony – I am the Alpha – I will bite whom I deem worthy and this stunning creature of wild hair would make a charming wolf and pretty to my harem."

Moony lie writhing on the leaf strewn floor whimpering in defeat as his Alpha looked down at him with emotionless eyes. "Too nice to be us," Moony simpered. "She's too pure to be us."

Fenrir tilted his head and sniffed the air: "Nah," he whispered so only Moony could hear. "YOU are too nice to be us – she most certainly is not!" with that he turned on his heel and, against his nature, he picked her hand and raised it to his thick lips and brushed the back of

them. "You are like the Sahara in Night, milady. If I were to bite you – that would be your wolf name – Sahara."

With that he lowered on all fours and turned into a black wolf with silver eyes and a line of grey down his back highlighting the starkness of colour. His masculinity evident in his prowling – he walked over to Hermione once again and licked her hand then, rather shockingly, he stood on his hind legs and wrapped his front legs around so he could lick her neck before dropping back down and gave a look of disappointment at Moony before rushing off into the black of night leaving Hermione's heart thumping. Once he'd gone Moony slunk over towards her laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Mate still?" he asked.

Whatever trance Fenrir put her in was snapped out of it by this shy Werewolf who, even in his other persona, was uncertain of himself and his actions. Hermione nodded with a smile. With Fenrir it would be mating because he could – with Moony it was because he should. So, Hermione walked up to him and wrapped her arms around his shoulders and, with one hand at the back of his head, gently lowered it down so their lips could meet in a tentative kiss. Moony grew proud in all senses of the word.

"Mate still," she breathed. The cold air caused it to coil and swirl between them like a physical representation of the vow and promise under the almost full-moon. "Now, in fact," she said. She did not trust if Fenrir would show again – the pull he had on her was something she had never felt before. "Come on."

Moony needed no more excuse than that. Hermione whisked her wand out from her dress. At the arched look in his brow she smirked and shrugged her shoulders: "*The small girl smiles, one eyelid flickers,*" she quoted, "*she whips a pistol from her knickers...*"* she did not quote the rest.

The part of Moony that was Remus smirked. He knew the reference and laughed. More Moony now than the human he normally was, Remus had to hope that the gruff sound would seem like laughter to her. Hermione effortlessly spun privacy and silencing wards. She was a clever bitch, Moony sighed. Remus replaced the letter b with the letter w and sighed just the same.

When she had completed that task she then laid down on her back on the blanket of Cawdor twine and sprawled seductively. Her legs slightly apart, her arms up over her head and the skirt of her dress riding up with every movement revealing soft glorious flesh. Moony growled as he leapt on top her. His fingers lifting the dress over her body where she lifted her arms up and the dress was gone in a heap on the floor. Moony's tawny gaze darkened to gold at the sight of his mate in stockings, suspenders, garter belt and bra but – no panties – she had gone commando. He could not believe his luck. The girl knew this was no ordinary date. She was not afraid of him. Unlike his fellow wolves she did not think him weak or cowardly.

"MINE!" he snarled as he licked up her body from naval to nose and howled. Nothing howled back. Good. No one to challenge him. "Kiss you now," he managed to breathe.

"Go on then, I am here for all your needs, Moony!"

Moony pressed his lips to hers and kissed her like that for a moment but then she started to move their mouths and twined her arms around his neck as she wriggled beneath him. They were both panting after a while but then – oh then – he felt her arms disconnect behind him. One of them lingered on his broader shoulder and the other inched lower down between their bodies.

"What is mate doing?"

"Mate is well-aware you are in too much fur," Hermione said. "Need to take some off so you can truly mate."

Moony understood completely, she was not certain but she swore she heard Moony mutter 'dunderhead wolf' beneath his breath as he fumbled at his belt. Once that was undone, he quickly undid the buttons and zip yanking his trousers, along with his underwear, down his slightly hairier and stronger limbs. He kicked off his shoes so the trousers could fall off easily. Then he just tore at his top half. Once he was completely naked he stood over her – feet firmly planted either side of her hips.

"No fur. Mate likes what sees?"

"Mmmm incredibly so," she said as she stretched her arms around her back and released the catch of her bra and slipped it off. "Now Mate is ready."

Moony tilted his more than usually shaggy head and scratched at the beard: "Not cold?"

"Not when I have you to warm me up," Hermione said again. Moony howled again then he rested on bended knees still looking at her curiously. "Now, are we going to mate or not, Moony – or should I seek Fenrir..." no sooner had the tease left her lips then Moony snarled and began to lick her breasts before sucking one in. "Oh yes, Moony, you remember how Mina likes it don't you?"

Mina? That was a familiar name: "Moony missed Mina," he panted as his tongue painted her neck with his scent. "Where was Mina?"

Hermione sighed, she loved Moony's nickname for her – it was far better than Mione or Herms. Mina made her feel beautiful and womanly. The name helped her sensuality to shine through.

"Remus was with another lady. Mina thought it best for Remus to be with other lady."

"Tonks!" Moony said almost sarcastically. "Good for Remus. Not for Moony. Moony needs Mina."

"Mina is here, Moony. Now, you remember what to do, don't you?"

There was a wicked gleam in Moony's gaze as he smirked. "I do," he said. She found herself suddenly flipped over and her knees were on the rug. Immediately she got into position – her legs spread behind her in incredible lines of black satin ending in leather. Her butt up in the air. Moony's firm hands massaged the white globes in strong circular motions.

Soon he shuffled into position and lifted her backside higher and sniffed in her arousal. With a whimper of pleasure he stuck his nose in and wiggled it around her folds causing her to giggle before the tip hit her clit and she gasped. Wow, who knew noses would be so effective? Moony licked her folds. Lapping up her juices bringing her to an almost high then stopped.

"Mate now," he said and stood over her again, looking at her as if she was some sort of wolf goddess or something – she widened her stance. Moony also had the erection of an animal. "Mine!" he whispered emphatically as he dove straight into her willing, wet cavern. The soft walls already pulsating and trapping him. His hands gripped her hips firmly – nails dug into soft flesh – half-moon marks were sure to be there tomorrow morning. "Hot. Tight. Wet. Moony misses Mina!"

"Oh, yeah, Moony that is it, hit me there again!"

His driving was frantic. He rode her like she was a Harley Davidson. Like the motorbike she purred under his strong grip, his intense force as he hammered into her from behind, was immensely satisfying. She managed to awkwardly turn her head and saw his sinuous neck bulging, his chest gleaming with sweat as his jaw was slack with serenity making love to his own mate can do for a Werewolf. Soon, he was pushing into her so speedily she felt as if she'd shoot right into the moon the moment he'd let her go. Then his hands began cupping her breasts as she felt his torso stick to her now sweaty back as he licked and suckled her neck through her hair. Moony got the wicked idea of wrapping her hair around his wrist and using it to push her into him further. He could slowly feel something happening.

So could she because she managed to support herself on one hand whilst playing with her vagina with the other. Burying her fingers deep into her femininity as she liked to call it, she began playing with her clit the same way one of his hands were playing with her tits. Mimicking his movements perfectly so they could move in absolute synchronicity.

Moony had taken her before but that was with shame when she did not realise why she seemed to be the only thing to soothe him. Remus told Moony that he would have to dump Hermione for her own good. However, Moony was more persistent than usual and fought him. Their compromise would become the stuff that legends were made from in the future.

"Mina! Mina! Mina! Mine, mine, mine. Moony your mate. No one else. Except Veela! Mine, mine, Mina, mine!" he kept repeating as his thrusting increased. The speed became wonderful – Hermione blinked and thought she was going to black out but then he howled and she felt the twist in her belly, the ache in her gut that told her she was about to...

"COMING OW MOONY YOU MONSTER LOVER YOU! OW THERE, AGAIN! MINA NEEDS MOONY – AGAIN!"

He followed her elated requests and with a gut wrenching howl from the pair of them they both came and she fell flat on her front, body shaking, sweating all over and satiated.

Moony retreated somewhat and she was suddenly back with Remus who gently turned her over and watched as she smiled lazily up at him.

"Who am I with now?" she murmured happily.

"Remus," he chuckled. With a flick of his wand she found herself dressed once again. "Before you ask I do remember what we did. Moony will fill me in later."

"Shall we have dinner now?"

"I think that will be best."

What neither of them knew was that Fenrir had not truly left them. He was behind a thick cluster of hedges lining the edge of a copse of trees that hid his form well whilst he was watching them mate. He transformed back into the man.

"Little Sahara," he sighed shaking his head. "You shall know a better wolf – one who's not too shy to bite!" with that he quietly Disapparated from the spot to his pack. Once there he took his frustration out on a girl he met behind a back alley of a club – she, like most women, could not resist his pull. It was a quick and brutal mating leaving her scarred and frightened but he was calmer now. "I shall dream of my Sahara."

Hermione was back in Snape's study. After that crazy but passionate mating she was left with Remus and they talked over their moonlight picnic. Remus felt he was guilty for betraying Dora but Hermione put his mind to rest by saying that Dora truly did not mind as it was *Moony*, not Remus, that was her mate. The next night she had to once again dally with Moony. She blushed wondering what else they could do together.

It was after Remus left that her thoughts took her to Fenrir. He was definitely *all* Alpha. The one who could take her and she would let him. Her legs were still a bit wobbly, her heart had not calmed down, she was shaking but it was wonderful. It was nice to be treated as a woman and not as a china figurine.

"Enjoy your time with the wolf?" Snape sneered from behind a wing backed chair.

"Yes I did actually," she replied. "You said it was all right – you know I would not have..."

"Yes, yes, I am sorry darling, come over here!" he patted his lap and Hermione eagerly leapt into it, "I am testy because my inner Veela has been yelling at me to get you back and my human side has been able to live with the compromise. Hermione," he whispered. "Want to finish the night off with me?"

Hermione smiled shyly and nodded. Severus stood her up and followed after himself.

"There was one problem though," she said quietly. Severus turned his head and she noticed his arched eyebrow and smiled: "Fenrir Greyback showed up – I think – I think he wants to..."

Oh damn it all to the inferno's of hell, Severus shook his head: "I am sure Moony won't let you – Veela's are also vicious did you know that?"

"I gathered that from the WQC before fourth year, Severus."

"I won't let Fenrir near you, Hermione," Severus said so sincerely her eyes welled with tears. "I have waited nearly 40 years for you, you know. I am prepared to share you with Moony but no one else, you understand."

Meekly, Hermione bowed her head: "Yes, Severus."

"Good, now come we have more *interesting* things to do tonight than *talk*."

She giggled as he led her towards his opulent velvet forest green bedroom with silver decorations. Secretly, Hermione loved his bed – merely for the memories it already held for her. She could not wait to make many more and, who knows, one day there may be a baby Snape too. She blushed at the idea but that was why these creatures inside needed mates was it not? To breed and they chose the strongest, most compatible ones there were to procreate with.

She was either fortunately lucky or *unfortunately unlucky* to have garnered the attentions of two beautiful men.

Now, she had to tell at least one of her friends. Who though could she trust?

Ginny!

The Order knew anyway. So that meant Molly, Arthur, Bill, Charlie and the twins were already aware of how her life took a strange turn at 17. She figured she'd have to tell Harry and Ron soon but she needed a girl's opinion.

As she stripped off for the third time that night she began to plot out what to say to Ginny so she would not run for the hills.

Strange dreams were plaguing Antonin in Malfoy Manor. He tossed and turned in his sumptuous bed and sweated profusely. So much so it dripped onto his lips. He flickered his tongue out to soothe his dry lips and turned around pummelling his pillows like it was their fault for his restlessness.

Go, a voice inside whispered in his head. Go fly – hunt for women to prey on, feast on succulent flesh, restore your blood with theirs. Go, fly like the free creature you are. Seek your mate. She lies in the arms of the Potions Master at Hogwarts. You marked her with your spell. She is imprinted on you because of me. So, go – make her yours.

What do you mean? Go hunt, go feast on girls flesh. Mate at Hogwarts? Gibberish! What do you mean? Lying in the arms of Slughorn? Who on Salazar's blood would want to lie with *him*?

Go look in a mirror.

Antonin did, grumbling a little at how tired he would be in the morning. Once he reached the mirror he could not see his reflection.

What does this mean?

I have awakened. I have been resurrected the day your mate became of age. I am within you, I control you, yet you are mostly still Antonin but to me you are but a carrier of a legacy. A fulfilment that took over four centuries to complete but finally a Dolohov host as prophesied. Do you feel your teeth, Antonin?

He licked around his gums and teeth and stopped when he came across pointed incisors.

I'm a vampire? He asked himself. What do you mean when I was prophesied?

When I was first turned it was foretold a wizard would pursue me – If I had known that my downfall would occur in Whitby I would never have gone to that cursed place. Then it was said that another in a different time shall take my place when Mina has returned, my Mina married her idiotic Muggle Jonathan Harker. Her descendent is your mate, for she was mine had not the Wizard and his muggle friends destroyed me. Yes, Antonin, you are a Vampire. A reincarnation of the fiercest Vampire in history!

Bloody hell.

I sure hope so. The vampire within sniggered. Antonin felt a surge of power as the moon lit his profile. *I sure hope so.*

Now, all I have to do is locate Mina by finding out who her ancestor is.

For some reason it had something to do with pears and Texas. Suddenly, Antonin felt the urge to fly. So he opened the huge windows, stepped out onto the balcony and leapt off and changed into a bat searching for fresh flesh to feast upon.

Yes, the vampire inside hissed. It has been so long. Too long. This time Mina shall not fail to be mine!

AN: So, the first Remione I have ever written. Shipped them for 15 years and now the muse cooperates but Fenrir decides it is also his turn. Yep, this is going to be one of those stories where Hermione won't be able to catch a break...

*Quoted from Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes - Little Red Riding Hood. The word *Snozzcumber* is also a Roald Dahl invention. I think Dumbledore, like any Pureblood, would read a word in a muggle book and think it some quaint Muggle custom.

Next ahead: Hermione is awoken in the middle of the night by a strange visitor that lures her heart for reasons she does not know...

End Notes

Is it hot in here or what...

Next chapter: Moony howls... Good job Dora does not mind sharing... Severus however...

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